

## Home Circle.

### ONE GIRL'S CONSECRATION.

What one girl's consecration will do is beautifully told as follows: "In the latter part of the last century a girl in England became a kitchen maid in a farmhouse. She had many styles of labor, and much hard work. Time passed on, and she married the son of a weaver of Halifax. They were industrious. They saved money after a time to build them a home. On the morning of the day when they were to enter the home the young wife rose at four o'clock, entered the front yard, knelt down, consecrated the place to God and there made the solemn vow: 'O Lord, if thou wilt bless me in this place the poor shall have a share of it.' Time rolled on and fortune rolled in. Children grew up around them, and they became prosperous. One, a member of Parliament, in a public place declared that his success came from that prayer of his mother in the dooryard. All of them were wealthy—four thousand hands in their factories. They built dwelling houses for their laborers, at cheap rents, and when they were invalids and could not pay, they had the house for nothing. One of these sons went to America, admired the parks, went back, bought lands, and opened a great public park, and made it a present to the city of Halifax, England. They endowed an orphanage, and they endowed two almshouses. All England has heard of the generosity and good works of the Crossleys."

### ODD MOMENTS.

Said a discouraged woman, "If you had ever tried to work by snatches, you would know how hard it is to get anything done that way."

"I've had to do a great deal of work and study just that way—by snatches," responded the other quickly. "I had to learn to systematize my odds and ends of time. So I know it can be done."

These "odd minutes," which we all lose in our days, count up amazingly. Fifteen minutes multiplied by four make an hour. And so many times a day we let slip fifteen minutes!

Fifteen minutes waiting for the lazy ones to come down to breakfast? Fifteen minutes for the unpunctual ones to go for a walk or a drive! Fifteen minutes waiting for the luncheon or dinner bell to ring! Fifteen minutes waiting a dressmaker's pleasure, for the child to come back from an errand, or for the restless baby to go to sleep! Not to speak of the half-hours and hours spent in trains and boats!

When at night the busy woman counts up her used and wasted opportunities, she thinks, despairingly, "If I only had those odd minutes in one lump at one time, how much I could accomplish which now seems unattainable!"

But something can be done with these odd moments which are so exasperatingly unproductive to the diligent one. This is indisputable, because there are those who have used just such minutes to advantage. Many true examples rise up to confirm the statement.

A woman who was obliged to wait at the breakfast table for a dozen boarders to straggle down, in her waiting moments manufactured yards of a dainty lace, which she found a profitable way of employing the time. Another young woman, who daily waited a quarter of an hour for an elderly friend to go driving, kept a book on the hall table, and in the waiting times of one summer managed to do a creditable amount of historical reading. Another kept a book "going" in each room of the house, and whenever she waited for dinner managed to read a few chapters of whichever book was handiest. The only reading moments of one busy woman was the time she spent every day putting her baby to sleep, and her book was kept in readiness for the operation.

It is told of one industrious young girl that she constantly crocheted or knitted during the minutes her drawing-teacher was explaining perspective or sharpening her pencil. But this does seem carrying minute-saving very far.—*Bazar*.

### BOYS AND BOYS' WAYS.

"Watch that boy now!" said Phil.

"Which boy?" said Ned.

"That boy who was at play with us down on the sand. His name is Will. He knows how to look out for himself, doesn't he?"

Phil and Ned, with their parents, had been spending some time at the seaside; Will was a boy who had come to pass the evening in the parlor of the boarding house. Here it was that Phil and Ned saw Will taking a great deal of pains to find a good place. First he had noticed a large book full of pictures on the table. After looking at it for a few moments he had hunted out a large easy chair, and was tugging at it to get it to the table.

"There, he's got squared round just to suit him," laughed Ned.

"Now he's moving the lamp nearer it," said Phil.

"And—well, if I ever! if he isn't putting a footstool before it." I suppose he's all ready to enjoy it."

It was plain that Will was. With a pleased look he gazed around the room until he caught sight of a lady who was standing. He darted toward her, and said: "Come, mamma; I have a nice place for you."

He led her to the chair and settled the stool to her feet as she sat down.

Phil and Ned looked a little foolish. Presently Phil sprang out of his chair as his mother came near. "Mamma, take my chair," he said.

Ned stepped quickly to pick up a handkerchief, which a lady had dropped, and returned it with a bow.

They are wise boys who profit by a graceful lesson given by a true gentleman.—*Our Little People*.

### HARMONY FROM DISCORD.

A lady was once playing upon a piano before a small company, when a great professor of music entered the room. The lady embarrassed at the presence of the artist, struck a false note. Before the string had ceased to vibrate the great teacher sprang to the instrument, and, touching the key, changed the false chord to a beautiful harmony.

'Tis so in life; when some unskilled hand has struck nothing but false chords in a soul, the Master of life, the greatest of musicians, placing his hand upon the keys of our being, changes the false act and the false life to a grand, wonderful harmony which shall sound praises through eternity.—*Christian Standard*.

### A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

I have berries, grapes and peaches, a year old, fresh as when picked. I use the California Cold Process; do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last week I sold directions to over 120 families; anyone will pay a dollar for directions, when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such, and feel confident any one can make one or two hundred dollars round home in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and complete directions, to any of our readers, for eighteen two-cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc., to me.

St. Louis, Mo.

FRANCIS CASEY.

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